Lost somewhere

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by AkiNs

Summary

What if the things worked out for Svetlana differently?
When her brother Aiden invites her for a few beers too meet his new friend, the long lost past knocks on the door in a way Svetlana never dared to imagine. What if the memories weren't truly long gone...

My OC Svetlana if she was a Witcher from Cat school. - Cat/AU
Song lyrics used - In The Woods Somewhere by Hozier

"Do you think those bastards are able to shed a tear? To show any real emotion?" said an old farmer, his eyes locked on a table far back and the two men sitting there, each carrying two swords on his back.

"I bet they would not move an inch even if their own mother was dying in from of them." added the younger farmer.

"That's an interesting question. Would the Witcher remember that person to be their mother?"

The conversation the two farmers were having was interrupted by a third voice. Voice not so harsh as theirs, not so quiet as theirs and way more feminine than theirs.

The older farmer, the one who asked the question, turned around in search of that female, the woman daring to mingle into their talk. He was ready to scold her, make a remark about her appearance but he did neither. Because the eyes watching him took all the words from his mouth as the rest of his confidence.

Eyes watching him from the above were not one of a fair maiden but of something not even human.

The Cat watched him with playfulness and curiosity and even if those emotions could be genuine, the stare alone scared him shitless.

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"Světlana, you made it! I was scared you would bail on me like the last time." man greeting her was just a few inches taller than her, yet his charisma made him look giant. She was so happy to see him.

"Come on, I already apologised. And you know I had my reasons... It was bruxa reasons."

"I am so glad to see you again."

"Me too, brother." They hugged and for Světlana, this dusty inn in the middle of nowhere felt like home.

"I would never forgive myself if I would miss another meeting of ours. Although the woods did not want to let me pass peacefully."

"Complications?"

"Pack of wolves though I and Myesats would be an easy snack."

"Speaking of wolves, there is someone I would like to introduce to you."

Aiden guided her to a table in the back of the room. Svetlana noticed Aiden and the other man the moment she entered the inn, but the farmer really did ask an interesting question.

"The best beer you have for my friend here!" shouted Aiden as the passed the innkeeper who showed little to no actual enthusiasm in a compleating given request. Svetlana tossed a gold coin into his hand and his attitude changed slightly, now he felt more involved in completing the task.

As they come to the table Aiden pulled a chair for her to sit on and settled himself next to her facing the other witcher - the Wolf.

"Světlana - Lambert"

"Lambert - Světlana"

"Nice to meet you." she greeted him with a polite smile.

"Pleasure is on my side, Aiden told me about you. Did not believe him though." She was not surprised, who wouldn't be? "Never seen a female witcher before, at least not one alive after the Trials."

"Yeah, my existence is one of the many mysteries this land holds."

"You were lucky that day." Was she? Aiden's optimism sometimes went beyond her understanding.

"Lucky as one can be. Just two of us got through it alive. And believe it or not, I was the one without unwanted side effects."

"The old masters mixed something new into the mixture. Ten died, one survived and one sometimes loses his head... Hard." Telling this, even Aiden's gaze fixated on an indescribable place on the table, away from anything too materialistic. "Never used the same mixture again."

"Met him last month, haven't seen any new scars on him," said Světlana to Aiden, just because. *Does it even mean anything?*

Svetlana drank from her mug, the first sip, the first taste, the first try out of many to wash the bitterness in her mouth with a different kind of bitter-sweet sensation.

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"You two travel together?"

"Yes, for a while. Some contracts are better done with help," said Aiden.

"True, but a cat and a dog?"

"Wolf." barked Lambert.

"That's what I said." Světlana made a note that if she ever meets Lambert again, he is a good guy to get wasted with.

The mugs pilled themselves on their table and with new ones on the desk, Aiden took the liberty to make a toast.

"To new friends! To use!"

"To the lucky ones." said quietly Lambert and the cynical tone with which he spoke made Světlana smile at him in understatement.

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"I have heard that Wolves spend their winters together at the school. That must be nice." Světlana heard this from one traveller she met a few years ago.

"That old castle is in ruins, but yeah, It is better than letting your ass freeze somewhere outside."

"I prefer the adventure in never staying in one place too long when it's too cold I head south and if it's too hot... who am I kidding, it's never too hot."

"Not everyone is a stray like you. I wish I was born a real cat. Just lie all day never hungry. My royal owners would treat me so well. Yeah, that's the dream."

Světlana couldn't recall the last time she was having such a good time.

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A melody came from the other side of the inn. Close to the fireplace, a group of musicians started playing their tunes, with people singing along. Světlana was singing too, quietly. She felt the tune dance around her ears carrying some familiar feeling that made her heart skip a beat. So she sang.

My head was warm

My skin was soaked

I called your name 'til the fever broke

When I awoke

The moon still hung

The night so black

That the darkness hummed

She abandoned the conversation she was having with her two companions, letting them talk to one other.

I *raised myself*

My legs were weak

I prayed my mind be good to me

An awful noise filled the air

I heard a scream

In the woods somewhere

A woman's voice

I quickly ran

Into the trees

With empty hands

Her mind was somewhere else. In a land far away. Not here, yet not there at the same time. Singing to the tune dancing around her ears.

A fox it was

He shook afraid

I spoke no words, no sound he made

His bone exposed

His hind was lame

I raised a stone to end his pain

What caused the wound

How large the teeth?

I saw new eyes were watching me

As the song continued the singers died along the way, in the end, it was only Světlana singing the song that no one else knew how to finish.

The creature lunged

I turned and ran

To save a life I didn't have

Dear, in the chase

There as I flew

Forgot all prayers

Of joining you

I clutched my life and wished it kept

My dearest love

I'm not done yet

How many years

I know I'll bear

I found something

In the woods somewhere.

"Young lady, is that you?"

The whole inn fell quiet. Every eye in the room was on a small fragile figure of an old woman standing behind a young-looking woman with two swords strapped to her back.

Světlana turned around, meeting with eyes filled with disbelief and hope that contrasted with the confusion she felt.

"I knew it was you, the moment I heard you sing. I sang you that song when you were little, remember? My sweet, sweet child."

"I am sorry... Do I know you?" "There must have been some misunderstanding. You must have mistaken me for someone."

What is happening?

"How could I? I can see your father in you, those eyes and that nose of yours." The old woman's face burned with euphoria as she spoke. "My little owl."

The musician that stop the music a while ago, put his instrument down and with worry in his eyes approached that old woman.

"Mother, what are you doing? Please, come sit back."

Světlana gestured to the troubled man, that everything is fine which did not make him any less worried. He was in his late fifties, his face filled with wrinkles, some from laughter others from all the hardship, if he smiled she knew the dimples on his cheeks would be more prominent.

Would I look the same as Gustav if I aged normally? Wait, who is Gustav? A picture of a young boy with cute dimples flashed in her mind. Just for a second.

The old woman did not stop talking to her, but Světlana heard less than half of it. Because what she heard was too painful, too vivid to be true.

Pictures shaped like stories flood her mind as could do nothing and just watch the old woman's lips.

"You are going to go to a place where they can help you," said a woman with fire in her hair and oceans in her eyes.

"But I wanna stay here with you and nanny, who would take care of you now that dad is gone." answered her voice but not herself.

Now she watched the carriage that was supposed to take her to the school she knew nothing about. She watched as a pack of Nekkers attack them. Back then, she did not know what those little devils were.

"Run, you can't let them catch you!" yelled the guardsman as he fouth for his life.

Hide, hide, hide - the sun burns. She had to hide, too much pain.

The imagery shifted again. She was hiding in a crack in a big rock when the man found her. "Look what we have here. Come on out, little one."

That man's eyes glowed in the dark like candles flame, she was so scared.

After this last memory, she knew what would follow - the pain, the despair, the Trials.

"Your dear mother was heartbroken when she heard about the attack. She refused to accept that you were gone just like your father. I should have believed her."

The woman placed her soft, gentle hand on Světlana's cheek. The touch of a loving mother - something that was long forgotten - something lost in those woods somewhere.

With all the eyes turned Světlanas' way, that night those two farmers got their answer - in one way or another.

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